

Pocket Square

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/38845176) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/38845176>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Bondage , BDSM , Orgasm Denial , Top Hannibal Lecter , Dom Hannibal Lecter , Bottom Will Graham , Sub Will Graham , Established Relationship , Season 01 AU , dub con if you squint , consent not explicit , lack of safewords implied , verging on not safe or sane , Unprotected Sex , slight sub drop , mostly off-screen aftercare , Light Spanking , Manhandling , Rough Sex , Light Humiliation , Hair-pulling , sweaty dogman probably has encephalitis
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Kiss of a Serpent's Tongue
Collections:	NSFW Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-07 Words: 3,740 Chapters: 1/1

Pocket Square

by [cmsprite79](#)

Summary

Hannibal sets Will a task. Will isn't sure he can do it. Whether he succeeds or not, Hannibal will take his pleasure. Will's own pleasure, or pain, is incidental.

Notes

Um yeah, this. There's a lot going on here between the lines. Erotic but not necessarily a feel good story depending on how you read it. Hannibal takes care of his toy but he doesn't let his toy dictate how they're going to play. There may or may not be consent issues at play if Will's encephalitis is taken into account but it's not explicitly stated.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Will shuddered as the rust-colored silk touched his straining member and he let out a harsh burst of air from his lungs.

“You know what happens if you drop it, Will,” rumbled Hannibal from behind him. The man’s hand left Will’s heaving chest with a pat and Hannibal moved away, leaving Will swaying in the center of his office. “I have some notes to write and a few other things to do. I don’t want to be interrupted.”

Will swallowed. His dick twitched. The silk covering it quivered. He prayed it wouldn’t slide off, fall to the floor, *embarrass* him. Earn him... *punishment*. His abdomen flexed. The silk trembled again and shifted ever so slightly. *No, no, no, please no!* The fabric stilled. His cock stayed erect and didn’t twitch again. Will let out a pained sigh. Hannibal ignored him.

Skritch, skritch, skritch. Will heard Hannibal’s pen.

Tick, tock, tick, tock. Will’s ears picked up the sound of the clock on Hannibal’s desk.

Shush, shush. Hannibal shifted at his desk and quietly flipped some pages of a book.

A bead of sweat ran down the inside of Will’s leg and his thighs started to shake. The silk battered the front of them like moth wings, tickling him. He groaned and wanted to swat it away. His fingers spasmed and his wrists tugged against the soft canvas cuffs that held them married to each other.

“Easy, Will. Relax,” came Hannibal’s unconcerned voice from the desk. Will took a deep breath. A burble of pre-ejaculate exited his cock and turned the rust-colored silk into a transparent crimson. Hannibal glanced at him, licked his lips in appreciation, and then turned back to his work. Will was stunning in his suffering. A true work of art. Hannibal’s thoughts alighted briefly on what it would be like to see Will truly surrender to the darkness inside of him. He had yet to bring Will to such a state but they were working on it, one step at a time. He had every confidence in him.

“H-Hannibal?” came the tremulous voice from his beloved.

“Yes?”

“I c-can’t...” Will whined. His erection was flagging.

“Use your words, boy.”

“C-Can’t keep it up. *Can’t.*” Will breathed again, and Hannibal could almost hear Will’s mental berating of himself. *Worthless. You’re worthless. Can’t even follow a single instruction. The man said he didn’t want to be interrupted.* Hannibal couldn’t have that. But he schooled himself to patience and gave Will a little more time to stew, a little bit longer for the silk fluttering around his genitals to have the chance to slip to the ground and betray Will to the strap.

Will's heart beat faster as the clock ticked and sweat continued to break out and coat him in a thick sheen. His cock throbbed in time with his heartbeat and the fabric over it grew tiny little legs that teased his leg hairs mercilessly. His legs were truly shaking now from the effort of keeping his dick hard and his posture straight and the pocket square steady as commanded and he nearly jumped when he heard Hannibal rise from the desk and approach on near-silent footsteps. His abdominal and chest muscles flinched away from the hand that lightly caressed them.

"Sh," whispered Hannibal and leaned close, nosing the edge of Will's blindfold. His breath puffed over Will's cheek and Will held his, waiting. Will's hands clenched into fists and he rocked forward into the hand. Hannibal pressed back ever so slightly and Will leaned into it, grateful for the support.

But he cried out when suddenly the hand left him and he stumbled forward. The silk on his cock slid, dipping precariously to one side as Will hastily recovered himself. He let out a sob and gritted his teeth. "*Please!*" he begged, though his cock was now rock hard again and acting as the flagpole it was meant to be for as long as Hannibal Lecter dictated it should. He shivered as Hannibal's fingertips stroked his spine. A pair of lips pressed feather-soft against his jaw and he stiffened. The metal clip between his cuffs rattled.

"Relax. You only have one purpose in this room right now," purred Hannibal beside him. "Do you know what it is?"

"T-To hold up the hanky?" asked Will roughly.

"Wrong," said Hannibal and Will ducked his head, confused and ashamed that he didn't know the answer. "Your purpose is to please me. Do you know what pleases me?" Will shook his head. He couldn't speak, didn't dare. The hand that had petted his spine moved up into his hair and gripped it firmly but not painfully. The hand tilted his head until it was straight and Will let out another held breath. Hannibal's lips and nose continued to nuzzle his jaw and throat and when Hannibal spoke again it was with his lips right against Will's carotid. "Seeing you undone," whispered Hannibal and pulled away entirely.

"Nnghah!" Will cried loudly, angrily through his gritted teeth and swayed before bringing himself to bear and straightening. His cock strained. The silk pocket square fluttered, teasing again at his legs but more so on the right where it hung crookedly. He stood, gasping and sobbing and alone. Hannibal had returned to his desk, to his paperwork, and was ignoring him... again.

"Deep breaths, Will," said Hannibal after a few minutes of Will seething and mentally torturing himself. Will sucked in air like he'd been drowning and concentrated, slowing his breathing in long, measured inhales and exhales. "Good boy," praised Hannibal once Will had himself under control and Will felt a wash of heated contentment pour over his sweating body.

Okay, okay, I can do this, thought Will. He squared his shoulders, let his arms go loose in their restraints, shifted his weight evenly to both legs and planted them firmly on the Persian carpet, digging his toes into the plush fibers. He held his chest out and ignored the sweat that beaded on his body and made the pocket square cling to his thighs. *I'm here to please. I want*

to please. I want to please him, he told himself, mind on the man sitting at the desk only a yard and a half away. Silence stretched on, filled only by the sounds Will had noticed before and beneath that light traffic noises outside in the Baltimore night.

Will didn't know how long he stood. Occasionally he tensed and when he noticed he was tensing he took a deep breath and relaxed his muscles. When he felt his cock start to deflate, he thought of Hannibal taking him over the desk and fucking him into oblivion or fucking him up against the ladder to the mezzanine like a naughty librarian. *Your books are late, Mr. Graham. What's to be done about that?* Oh, that one made him moan and a small noise of pleasant surprise greeted his ears.

"What are you thinking, my little Mongoose? Hm?" queried Hannibal and Will shook his head, heat coming to his face.

"Nothing," he rasped. How could he explain his dirty fantasy to the prim and proper man sitting in front of him? He couldn't face rejection if the roleplay situation displeased Hannibal in any way. He heard Hannibal tut in reply.

"You were thinking something, something pleasant I presume," persisted Hannibal, his face directed at the desk as he scribbled in his patient notes but his ear attuned to Will's mental meanderings.

Will shook his head again, once, wishing the blindfold were off so he could see Hannibal's expressions. "N-No, I..."

"Don't lie to me again or I will give you twenty with the strap. What were you thinking about just now?" said Hannibal crisply and Will cringed.

"I was... thinking of you fucking me against the ladder... because I'd been a bad... boy and forgotten to return my library books on time," said Will stiltedly and in a voice barely above a whisper. He heard a low chuckle and blushed harder. He adjusted his stance and ducked his head.

"I love your imagination," commented Hannibal warmly. And then, "I'm nearly finished here. Would you like it if I fucked you against the ladder?"

Will groaned and let out an embarrassingly needy sounding, "Please, yes!" Another chuckle. Will gulped. His body tensed again and he didn't notice, lost as he was in the scenario in his head, when Hannibal came over and stood beside him. He yelped when Hannibal's hand roughly gripped his chin, jerking it to the side so Hannibal could rub a thumb over his bottom lip. Will's cock throbbed. The pocket square danced moistly against his damp skin, the toothless nap of it tugging on his sensitive head. He gasped, aching, and thrust his hips once before forcing himself to stop for fear of the strap. The pad of Hannibal's thumb was a combination of smooth and rough, warm. It smeared Will's lip one way and then the other and then the hand it belonged to thrust up under Will's jaw and tilted his head back. Will's throat bobbed. Lips met his own and a tongue demanded entrance. Will opened, hands clenching behind his back and unclenching.

“I love how you taste,” murmured Hannibal with a tender kiss to Will’s cheek when he pulled out of the deeper exploration of Will’s mouth.

“S-Same here. L-Love how you ta-aste,” said Will. He urked when he felt Hannibal’s other hand cup him, pocket square and all.

“You’ve done well. I half expected you to drop it,” said Hannibal and gave Will’s junk a hearty squeeze. Will’s body thrust helplessly forward, chasing its pleasure independent of his brain.

“I didn’t want to displease you,” whispered Will, feeling the strain as his jaw moved in Hannibal’s grip.

“Of course you didn’t,” said Hannibal glibly. “You knew I would punish you. You were focused on avoiding pain and maximizing pleasure. Your pleasure.” The tone was accusatory and Will squirmed.

He tried to shake his head but couldn’t due to Hannibal’s grip on him. “N-No, I wanted to make you happy.” The hand on his cock tightened and he winced then moaned. Hannibal leaned into him, eyes roving, calculating.

“You wanted to earn a reward.”

“N-no, I...”

“Stop lying to yourself, Will.”

“I’m not lying! I...!”

Strong hands moved quickly and pushed him to the floor, to his knees and then bent him forward to crush his face to the carpet. A shoe planted itself on the side of his face and pressed threateningly. The pocket square fell to the floor, caressing his thighs and knees and settling between them.

“What is your purpose, Will? I’ve told you before,” came Hannibal’s voice from high above him as he writhed against the carpet, face just shy of being painfully trodden on, body twisted to accommodate the uncomfortable position, wrists tugging harshly, uselessly against the canvas cuffs.

“T’ please you,” said Will, voice muffled, face mashed into the wooly fibers of the rug below it.

“That’s correct. Did you think for one moment to give me what I wanted? To give yourself to me completely, to let me see you come unraveled? No.”

“Yes!” whined Will in protest, wishing he could put his hands under him for support. His shoulder ached against the floor, his upper chest angled wrong as Hannibal’s shoe pressed into his face. He felt like his neck was going to snap. “Yes, I wan’ that. Wanna give you... everything!” he gasped, lips working, pursing together, throat compensating to project his urgent message to the man towering above him.

Suddenly the pressure from his face was gone and Hannibal's hand was in his hair again, pulling him up from the floor and dragging him over the carpet. "Auk!" he cried and stumbled, feet blindly following where he was led. Hannibal manhandled him to the desk and pushed him flat on his chest against the wide surface. Hannibal's pen bit into his nipple and he felt the hard edge of Hannibal's appointment book against his upper arm. His legs were kicked wide and he felt fingers tease over his hole. His anus clenched and Hannibal tutted at him, smacking his ass once for his anal muscle's insolence. Against the hard front of the desk, Will's cockhead battered itself silly, like a bug trapped in a window, reaching for the light. He moaned. Hannibal slapped him again and he cried out louder.

Hannibal leaned over him bodily and purred in his ear, "Everything?"

"Yes," replied Will in a strained whisper, and then louder he said, "*Yes!*" A stroke up his side sent his obliques fluttering and his buttocks tensed.

"Good," murmured Hannibal and rose. He took hold of Will's hips and pulled back until Will, still bent over the desk, could no longer feel the desk against his cock. Instead, his sensory focus shifted behind him to the body-warm cloth of Hannibal's trousers and the large member straining the front of them against his ass and thighs. Hannibal rocked his hips against Will's buttocks and Will moaned again, loudly. "I am going to fuck you," said Hannibal roughly, "not because you have earned it but because I won't deny myself the pleasure of your body. Do you understand?"

Will nodded frantically and yelped when Hannibal's hand came crashing down on his ass again. "Yes! I understand!" he gasped. He made a needy, desperate sound when Hannibal's hands separated his ass cheeks further and he heard Hannibal expectorate. A hot glob of saliva landed just an inch above his asshole and dribbled down. Hannibal's large digit followed, smearing the spit this way and that and then finally spearing inside Will's tempting channel. Will's whole body went rigid at the rough intrusion and Hannibal halted. His finger paused and he stroked Will's hip and squeezed his thigh and then his dangling cock and balls until Will let out a breath and the crushing pressure on Hannibal's finger eased.

"That's it," soothed Hannibal and bent to give a quick kiss between Will's shoulder blades. Will sobbed. Hannibal spit on him again. Will's hands reached behind him, bound as they were, for something to hold on to. Hannibal's free hand, the one not currently stretching Will's anus, took hold of Will's wrists and moved them up higher against the small of Will's back. Will's shoulder muscles protested the stressful position. More spit and more fingering followed and Will prayed Hannibal wasn't going to take him mostly dry that way. Spit was not a good lube. He nearly fainted when he heard Hannibal unzip his trousers.

"H-Hannibal?" asked Will weakly. "P-please slick me up more... please." His heart thudded against the desk in a rapid tattoo. He was prepared to run but to where? He was cuffed and blindfolded and naked. How far could he get? His mind supplied him with an embarrassingly short chase scene around the office where Hannibal easily caught him and pinned him and ravaged him against the bookcase or the drawing table or the harpsichord. His whole body tensed up when Hannibal's hefty cock tapped his exposed hole seemingly impatiently. "I can't take it, t-take your dick, not without lube." He tried to sound reasonable, tried not to sound like he was begging.

“Do you think it will hurt?” asked Hannibal, almost conversationally. He rubbed the head of his cock down Will’s taint to his balls and back, pressing ever so slightly against Will’s hole. Will mewled and clenched his hands.

“You’ll tear me apart,” sniveled Will and realized he was crying and that his cock had deflated. He was glad he didn’t have the pocket square to hold up any longer.

Slowly, deliberately, Hannibal leaned down, hands planted on either side of Will’s chest, crushing Will’s hands between them and whispered into Will’s left ear, “I’m not that kind of monster.” The burst of air that left Will’s throat in that moment was part relief and part terror. Hannibal pushed himself up and away and strode around the desk. Will’s ears tracked Hannibal’s movements as Hannibal yanked open a drawer, took something in his hand, shut the drawer, and returned to his position behind Will. Will breathed another sob of relief when he heard the pop of a cap and felt the icy slick dribble of lube down his crack.

“Ngh!” Will twisted this way and that, squirming against the desk as Hannibal worked his fingers into him.

“Be still,” snapped Hannibal and rested one palm on the base of Will’s spine under his hands. Will grabbed at his wrist and hung on. Hannibal let out an amused noise and continued to finger Will until Will could take three easily. Then, without warning, Hannibal removed his fingers, slicked his cock, and drove it balls deep into Will’s waiting hole. Will went up on his toes and all breath exited his lungs in one fell swoop. Hannibal waited, hands on Will’s hips, neither gripping nor soothing, simply holding. “I don’t care if you cum or not. This is for my benefit,” said Hannibal as he began to move, dragging his large, meaty appendage slowly out of Will’s rectum and grinding back in in short, vicious jabs. Will cried out with each jab, unable to keep the little yelps of pleasure-pain from escaping his lips. Soon he was moaning, however, and Hannibal switched to long, protracted strokes. “But,” added Hannibal breathlessly, “if you cum on my floor, you will clean it with your tongue.”

Will moaned so loudly he thought the walls reverberated with it. He couldn’t see the pleased smile Hannibal gave him at the sound. Hannibal’s hands gripped his hips like handles and moved him this way and that on his cock. Hannibal changed tempo again, jackhammering into Will with abandon only to slow it down and pull out almost entirely just to watch Will’s body cling to him, trying to suck him back inside. Hannibal’s fingers shifted back, dragging white pressure marks over Will’s butt cheeks and then gripping Will under the shelf of his ass even as he fucked him.

Inside, Will was falling apart. The feel of Hannibal’s cock spearing him over and over, dragging against his prostate but not hitting it directly, made lights flash behind his blindfolded eyelids. His own ragged breaths and the stoic gasps and moans of Hannibal surrounded him as he floated. He was thankful for the wide desk beneath him or he would undoubtedly be unable to hold himself up. “Augh! Auugh! Ah!” Hannibal’s thrusts drove involuntary noises from his throat. Will’s cock, hard again, bounced with each drive of Hannibal’s hips. Will’s groin was on fire with built up need. “Ngh! F-Fuck! Nh! Harder!” Hannibal’s hips faltered ever so slightly and changed angle. He brought his hand down on Will’s ass hard, making Will yip in surprise and did it again to make him gasp that sweet, startled gasp that always made Hannibal’s groin pinch in pleasure.

“‘Harder’ you said? I’m not sure I heard you correctly. For whose pleasure am I fucking you?” said Hannibal, his disapproval somewhat tempered by his exertions.

“Mm, sorry. ‘M sorry, I just...” Will mumbled and practically screamed when Hannibal reached under him and twisted both nipples harshly.

“Whose. Pleasure?” growled Hannibal right by Will’s ear.

“Yours!” cried Will.

“Yesss,” hissed Hannibal, his teeth scraping and pulling Will’s earlobe, sucking on it before he straightened, let Will’s nipples go, and grabbed Will’s hair in one hand and opposite hip in the other. If Will had one word to describe Hannibal’s fucking after that point it would be “juggernaut.” And Will was helpless in the face of it. The only thing to do was to surrender and surrender wholly. Just as Will let himself go completely lax in Hannibal’s grip, a burst of hot fluid filled the space inside him, squelched from his hole as Hannibal reamed him through his orgasm, dribbled down his thigh, and stained the hairs there a gelatinous white.

Will lay gasping, panting, unfulfilled. Hannibal drew him back against his chest. Will’s legs felt like jell-o and his skin flicked and trembled like the flesh of a horse with flies on it. Hannibal slid his softening cock from Will’s ass and stroked Will’s chest with one hand, holding him up across it with the other and kissing softly across Will’s shoulders and neck.

“Sh. Easy. Sh,” whispered Hannibal. He reached for the blindfold and unbuckled it, putting it on the desk. The fleece padding inside was damp with Will’s sweat and tears. Will didn’t open his eyes right away and when he did, he squinted at the lights in the room, dim as they were.

“Ah, um,” Will cleared his throat. Hannibal caressed his chest and stomach and just held him. Will’s cock twitched, angry, and going down again. He hadn’t cum. He looked down at himself, at the marks scored into him from being pressed down on the appointment book and pen, at the rapidly cooling sweat that Hannibal’s fingers lazily traced patterns into, at his deflating organ sticky with pre-cum. He hiccupped and sniffled. Hannibal kissed his temple, his cheek.

“Can you stand by yourself?” asked Hannibal quietly. Will nodded, head feeling strange and disconnected from his body. Hannibal gave him an assessing look and left him standing by the desk. He swayed. Will closed his eyes, missing the anonymity and security of the blindfold. When Hannibal came back, he opened them and thanked Hannibal when Hannibal unhooked the cuffs and passed him a bottle of water. “Drink slowly,” commanded Hannibal. Will sipped, obedient, as Hannibal petted him.

After, Will was dressed and calm and ready to get home to his dogs. He went to the door, hand on the knob. Hannibal strode over to him and pressed something into the top pocket of his jacket, kissing him on the side of the head with a deep inhale. Will looked down at his jacket. The rust-colored pocket square peeked up out of his pocket. “For later,” murmured Hannibal and patted Will’s shoulder. Will bobbed a nod and floated through the door when Hannibal held it open for him. When Will got home and had taken care of his dogs, he took the pocket square out of his pocket and held it to his face, breathing in the scent of sex and

Hannibal's cologne and power. His cock twitched and he told it to lie still. *Later*, he reminded it. *Later*.

End Notes

Figured I'd add a note here just in case since I forgot when I posted: Always have a safeword. Always negotiate your scenes. Always take care of your sub (or your dom cause dom drop is a thing too). Play safe. Thanks.

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